THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

PZ
3
.H35
Mi

FT MEADE
GenColl

Author

Title

rint

16—47372-3 GPO

Heck 19
1484

Heaphy, Thomas

MR. HEAPHY'S GHOST.

The London Artist's own Version of an Extraordinary Affair:

TOGETHER WITH THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN

CHARLES DICKENS and MR. HEAPHY.

PZ3. H35 mi

CHICAGO.

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS

26662
'02

THE OPINION OF A GREAT DAILY.

The Chicago Daily *Times* for New Year's day, 1883, gave its opinion of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as follows:

PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNALISM.

John C. Bundy, editor and publisher of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, reports a continued growth of permanent circulation that will be very gratifying to the great community of thinkers and students interested in the subjects within its editorial scope. It is but fair to say the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is now not only recognized as standard authority—the highest living and contemporary authority—in the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism, by the rational and conservative Spiritualists of the United States and of England, but is held in the thinking circles of the world as the sanest, broadest, ablest, strongest, of all the journals published in the interest of philosophic truth, the tone of the spiritualistic press of England indicating the practical conversion of the faith in that country to the doctrine so long maintained with almost austere conservatism by the JOURNAL that scientific proof is the only proper attestation of spiritualistic phenomena.

OPINIONS FROM BENCH AND PULPIT.

Rev. M. J. Savage, Pastor of the "Church of the Unity," Boston, in a letter published in the JOURNAL, March 3rd, 1883, says: "I have a most thorough respect for the JOURNAL and believe you are disposed to treat the whole question of Spiritualism fairly."

* * * The purpose has seemed to me (a not unexperienced observer) to be to elevate the tone of spiritualistic thought, by ever keeping in view the higher objects of life, in almost every phase, and striking at the shackles which confine the nobler impulses of human nature, in whatever form they may exist. And, although a careful reader of the JOURNAL, I have yet to discover the first instance in which you appeared to me to have swerved one iota from that purpose. * * * I cannot perceive why any man, who has a due regard for the welfare of society, should not support the JOURNAL, even though he may belong to the popular churches of the day.—*Extracts from a letter to the editor from Hon. W. K. McAllister, formerly on the Supreme Bench of the State of Illinois, and now one of the Judges of the Appellate Court of the State; published in the* JOURNAL, *Dec.* 23*rd*, 1882.

YRARBU JNT
SESSIONS TO

PZ3
H35
Mi

MR. HEAPHY'S GHOST.

The London Artist's Own Version of an Extraordinary Apparition.

Mrs. Heaphy's publication, some months ago in London, of the version sent by her late husband to Charles Dickens of his wonderful ghost story, has recently been presented to the public in this country. Mrs. Heaphy's publication, printed in London by Griffith & Farran, makes a neat little pamphlet of eighty-seven pages. It is enriched with the letter written by Charles Dickens to Mr. Heaphy, referring to the peculiar circumstances which attended the original publication in *All the Year Round* of an inaccurate version of the story. One curious circumstance these letters adds to the many curious features of this strange narrative, Mr. Dickens, it seems, when he received the original version from a man of distinguished reputation in letters, found that no date was given, and, in order to give probability to the story which he supposed to be a fiction, put in the date of September 13. Strangely enough, it turned out to be the case that the series of Mr. Heaphy's ghostly visitations really began in the month of September, 1858. Mr. Dickens's attention was good-naturedly called to the publication by Mr. Heaphy himself, who sent him the whole manuscript account of the experience as soon as he saw the version published in *All the Year Round*. Mr. Heaphy's communication was acknowledged by Mr. Dickens in the following letter:

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT, Sunday, September 15, 1861.

DEAR SIR: Allow me to express to you the sincere regret I feel that your most remarkable story (which I have read with great interest) should have been innocently forestalled in the pages of my journal. At the same time I must add that your own version of the experience is so very curious, and so much more striking than the account sent to me, that I shall be happy to publish it in *All the Year Round*, if you should feel disposed to intrust it to me for that purpose.

I received the story published in that journal first among the "Four Ghost Stories" from a gentleman of a distinguished position both literary and social, who, I do not doubt, is well known to you by reputation. He did not send it to me as his own, but as the work of a young writer in whom he feels an interest, and who previously contributed (all through him) another ghost story. I will immediately let him know what correspondence I have had with you; and you shall be made acquainted with the nature of his reply.

You may be quite certain I feel sure that there has been no betrayal of confidence on the part of any one connected with the magazine for whom you reserved your story. It must have been repeatedly told (though probably never correctly) in more circles than one. It happens that Mr. Layard is staying here with me, and instantly recognized the version printed in *All the Year Round* as a version of a story he heard at Sir Edward Lytton's in ——, Hertfordshire, some time since.

As I do not feel authorized in retaining your MS. without your consent, I beg to return it herewith. But I am anxious to repeat my readiness to purchase it for publication in *All the Year Round* as the authentic story. Its interest seems to me to be heightened, rather than impaired, by its having been imperfectly told.

Again expressing my regret that I should have been, however innocently and unconsciously, the cause of a moment's annoyance to you, I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Thomas Heaphy, esq.

Mr. Dickens two days afterwards wrote to Mr. Heaphy:

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT, Tuesday, September 17, 1861.

DEAR SIR: I think I can show you in a very few words not only that your lingering suspicion is groundless but that everything associated with your strange experience would seem to be extraordinary. In the version I received and published there was no date. All that was set down as to time was: "Late in the autumn." When I came to revise the story in the proof for press, the need of some precise date was so clear to me that I myself inserted in the margin of the proof the date you find in the published narrative. Why that date should have come into my head rather than any other I am profoundly unable to say. Mr. Layard remembers that it is more than a year since he heard Sir Edward Lytton tell the story, and he says he has a strong impression that he laid it on the table in writing. Moreover, Mr. Layard is convinced that he has seen it in print, though he cannot recollect where. I have written to Sir Edward to ask him how he came by it. His answer will, no doubt, have an interest for you, and I will let you know the purport in due course. I read Mr. Layard your own account, and he was quite clear in his remembrance that Sir Edward's version of it fell as far short as my contributor's does. I think it would be best to call it "Mr. H——'s Own Narrative," or "Mr. H——'s Own Evidence," and I will introduce it with a few lines referring to the version already printed and calling attention to it as being the authentic story given at first hand. There is no doubt that it ought to appear as soon after the wrong version as possible. I will,

therefore, place it in the number I shall make up to-morrow, which will be published to-morrow fortnight. I will send you a proof from the office in the course of to-morrow, and I must ask you to have the kindness to return it on Thursday, as we publish simultaneously in America and London and the sheets go across the Atlantic by the next mail. Dear sir, faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Thomas Heaphy, esq.

P. S.—I observe in your narrative that you mentioned the young lady's eating the beef and drinking the claret. Do you remember whether the joint was placed on the table or carved on the sideboard? and whether you seemed to see the figure served as the three mortals were, or seemed to find it already carved without noticing the progress?

OFFICE OF "ALL THE YEAR ROUND,"
FRIDAY, September 20, 1861.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Layard has not been able to remember where or when he saw some version of your story in print. Sir Edward Lytton received his version in writing from Mr. Edward Ward. Sir Edward informs me that his version was very superior to that published here. I therefore suppose it is told nearer your own. He is searching for the MS., but has not yet been able to lay his hand upon it. Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Thomas Heaphy, esq.

Mr. Heaphy's version of the "Ghost Story" was finally published with the following editorial note in *All the Year Round:*

There was lately published in *All the Year Round* a paper entitled "Four Stories." The first of those stories related the strange experience of a well known English artist, Mr. H. On the publication of that account Mr. H. himself addressed to the conductor of the above journal (to his great surprise) and forwarded to him his own narrative of the occurrences in question.

As Mr. H. wrote without any concealment in his own name, in full, and from his own studio in London, and there was no possible doubt of his being a real existing person and a responsible gentleman, it became a duty to read his communication attentively. And great injustice having been unconsciously done to it, in the version published as the first of the "Four Stories," it follows here exactly as received. It is, of course, published with the sanction and authority of Mr. H., and Mr. H. has himself corrected the proofs.

Entering on no theory of our own towards the explanation of any part of this remarkable narrative, we have prevailed on Mr. H. to present it without any introductory remarks whatever. It only remains to add that no one has for a moment stood between us and Mr. H. in this matter. The whole communication is at first hand. On seeing the article, "Four Stories," Mr. H. frankly and good-humoredly wrote: "I am the Mr. H., the living man, of whom mention is made. How my story has been picked up I do not know, but it is not correctly told. I have it by me, written by myself, and here it is."

MR. HEAPHY'S OWN NARRATIVE.

I am a painter. One morning in May, 1858, I was seated in my studio at my usual occupation. [A paragraph or two is omitted, as only introducing a lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck.]

My new visitors were strangers to me. They had seen a portrait I had painted, and wished for likenesses of themselves and their children. The price I named did not deter them and they asked to look around the studio to select the style and size they should prefer. The inspection proving satisfactory, they asked whether I could paint the pictures at their house in the country, and there being no difficulty on this point, an engagement was made for the following autumn, subject to my writing to fix the time when I might be able to leave town for the purpose. This being adjusted, the gentleman gave me his card and they left. Shortly afterwards, on looking at the card left by the strangers, I was somewhat disappointed to find that though it contained the names of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck there was no address. I tried to find it by looking at the Court Guide, but it contained no such name, so I put the card in my writing-desk and forgot for a time the entire transaction.

Autumn came, and with it a series of engagements I had made in the North of England. Towards the end of September, 1858, I was one of a dinner party at a country house at the confines of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. The party was a numerous one, and as the meal approached its termination and was about to subside into the dessert, the conversation became general. I should here mention that my hearing is defective, at some times more so than at others, and on this particular evening I was extra deaf—so much so that the conversation only reached me in the form of a continued din. At one instant however, I heard a word distinctly pronounced, though it was uttered by a person at a considerable distance from me, and that word was—Kirkbeck. In the business of the London season I had forgotten all about the visitors of the spring who had left their card without the address. The word reaching me under such circumstances arrested my attention and immediately recalled the transaction to my remembrance. On the first opportunity that offered I asked a person whom I was conversing with if a family of the name in question was resident in the neighborhood. I was told in reply that a Mr. Kirkbeck lived at A——, at the further end of the county. The next morning I wrote to this person, saying that I believed he called at my studio in the spring, and had made an

arrangement with me which I was prevented fulfilling by there being no address on his card: furthermore, that I should shortly be in his neighborhood on my return from the north, but should I be mistaken in addressing him, I begged he would not trouble himself to reply to my note. I gave as my address The Post-Office, York. On applying there three days afterward I received a note from Mr. Kirkbeck stating that he was very glad he had heard from me and that if I would call on my return he would arrange about the pictures; he also told me to write a day before I proposed coming, that he might not otherwise engage himself. It was ultimately arranged that I should go to his house the succeeding Saturday, stay till Monday morning, transact afterwards what matters I had to attend to in London and return in a fortnight to execute the commissions.

The day having arrived for my visit, directly after breakfast I took my place in the morning train from York to London. The train would stop at Doncaster, and after that at Retford Junction, where I should have to get out in order to take the line through Lincoln to A———. The day was cold, wet, foggy and every way as disagreeable as I have ever known a day to be in an English October. The carriage in which I was seated had no other occupant than myself, but at Doncaster a lady got in. My place was back to the engine and next to the door. As that is considered the ladies' seat, I offered it to her; she, however, very graciously declined it and took the corner opposite, saying, in a very agreeable voice, that she liked to feel the breeze on her cheek. The next few minutes were occupied in locating herself. There was the cloak to be spread under her, the skirts of the dress to be arranged, the gloves to be tightened, and such other trifling arrangements of plumage as ladies are wont to make before sitting themselves comfortably at church or elsewhere, the last and most important being the placing back over her hat the veil that concealed her features. I could then see that the lady was young, certainly not more than two or three and twenty; but being moderately tall, rather robust in make and decided in expression, she might have been two or three years younger. I suppose that her complexion would be termed a medium one; her hair being of a bright brown or auburn, while her eyes and rather decidedly marked eyebrows were nearly black. The color of her cheek was that pale transparent hue that sets off to such advantage large, expressive eyes and an equable, firm expression of mouth. On the whole the ensemble was rather handsome than beautiful, her expression having that agreeable depth and harmony about it that rendered her face and features, though not strictly regular, infinitely more attractive than if they had been modelled upon the strictest rules of symmetry.

It is no small advantage on a wet day and a dull, long journey to have an agreeable companion; one who can converse and whose conversation has sufficient substance in it to make one forget the length and dreariness of the journey. In this respect I had no deficiency to complain of, the lady being decidedly and agreeably conversational. When she had settled herself to her satisfaction she asked to be allowed to look at my Bradshaw, and not being a proficient in that difficult work, she requested my aid in ascertaining at what time the train passed through Retford again on its way back from London to York. The conversation turned afterwards on general topics, and, somewhat to my surprise she led it into such particular subjects as I might be supposed to be more especially familiar with; indeed, I could not avoid remarking that her entire manner, while it was anything but forward, was that of one who had either known me personally or by report. There was in her manner a kind of confidential reliance when she listened to me that is not usually accorded to a stranger, and sometimes she actually seemed to refer to different circumstances with which I had been connected in times past. After about three-quarters of an hour's conversation the train arrived at Retford, where I was to change carriages. On my alighting and wishing her good-morning, she made a slight movement of the hand, as if she meant me to shake it, and on my doing so she said, by way of adieu: "I dare say we shall meet again;" to which I replied: "I hope we shall all meet again," and so parted, she going on the line towards London and I through Lincolnshire to A———. The remainder of the journey was cold, wet and dreary. I missed the agreeable conversation and tried to supply its place with a book I had brought with me from York and the *Times* newspaper, which I had procured at Retford. But the most disagreeable journey comes to an end at last, and 5:30 in the evening found me at the termination of mine. A carriage was waiting for me at the station, where Mr. Kirkbeck was also expected by the same train but as he did not appear it was concluded he would come by the next—half an hour later; accordingly the carriage drove away with myself only.

The family being from home at the moment and the dinner hour being 7, I went at once to my room to unpack and to dress. Having completed these operations I descended to the drawing room. It probably wanted some time to the dinner hour, as the lamps were not yet lighted, but in their place a large blazing fire threw a flood of light into every corner of the room, and more especially over a lady who, dressed in deep black, was standing by the chimney-place warming a very handsome foot on the edge of the fender. Her face being turned away from the door by which I had entered I did not

at first see her features. On my advancing into the middle of the room, however, the foot was immediately withdrawn and she turned round to accost me, when to my profound astonishment, I perceived that it was none other than my companion in the railway carriage. She betrayed no surprise at seeing me. On the contrary, with one of those agreeable, joyous expressions that makes the plainest woman appear beautiful, she accosted me with: "I said we should meet again."

My bewilderment at that moment almost deprived me of utterance. I knew of no railway or other means by which she could have come. I had certainly left her in a London train and had seen it start, and the only conceivable way in which she could have come was by going to Peterborough and then returning by a branch to A———, a circuit of about ninety miles. As soon as my surprise enabled me to speak, I said that I wished I had come by the same conveyance as herself.

"That would have been rather difficult," she rejoined.

At this moment the servant came in with the lamps and informed me that his master had just arrived and would be down in a few minutes.

The lady took up a book containing some engravings, and having singled one out (a portrait of Lady A———), asked me to look at it well and tell her whether I thought it like her.

I was engaged trying to get up an opinion when Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck entered, and, shaking me heartily by the hand, apologized for not being at home to receive me; the gentleman ended by requesting me to take Mrs. Kirkbeck in to dinner.

The lady of the house having taken my arm, we marched on. I certainly hesitated a moment to allow Mr. Kirkbeck to pass on first with the mysterious lady in black, but Mrs. Kirkbeck not seeming to understand it, we passed on at once. The dinner party consisted of us four only, we fell into our respective places at the table without difficulty, the mistress and master of the house at the top and bottom, the lady in black and myself on each side. The dinner passed much as is usual on such occasions. I having to play the guest, directed my conversation principally, if not exclusively, to my host and hostess, and I cannot call to mind that I or any one else addressed the lady opposite. Seeing this, and remembering something that looked like a slight want of attention to her on coming to the dining-room, I at once concluded that she was the governess. I observed, however, that she made an excellent dinner; she seemed to appreciate both the beef and the tart, as well as a glass of claret afterwards; probably she had had no luncheon or the journey had given her an appetite.

The dinner ended, the ladies retired, and after the usual port Mr. Kirkbeck and I joined them in the drawing-room. By this time, however, a much larger party had assembled. Brothers and sisters-in-law had come in from their residences in the neighborhood, and several children, with Miss Hardwick, their governess, were also introduced to me. I saw at once that my supposition as to the lady in black being the governess was incorrect. After passing the time necessarily occupied in complimenting the children, in saying something to the different persons to whom I was introduced, I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, aud as the topic of the evening had referred principally to portrait-painting, she continued the subject:

"Do you think you could paint my portrait?" the lady inquired.

"Yes, I think I could, if I had the opportunity."

"Now, look at my face well; do you think you should recollect my features?"

"Yes, I am sure I should never forget your features."

"Of course I might have expected you to say that; but do you think you could do me from recollection?"

"Well, if it be necessary, I will try; but can't you give me any sittings?"

"No, quite impossible; it could not be. It is said that the print I showed you before dinner is like me; do you think so?"

"Not much." I replied; "it has not your expression. If you can give me one sitting, it would be better than none."

"No; I don't see how it could be."

The evening being by this time pretty far advanced and the chamber candles being brought in, on the plea of being rather tired, she shook me heartily by the hand and wished me good-night. My mysterious acquaintance caused me no small pondering during the night. I had never been introduced to her, I had not seen her speak to any one during the entire evening—not even to wish them good-night—how she got across the country was an inexplicable mystery. Then, why did she wish me to paint her from memory, and why could she not give me even one sitting? Finding the difficulties of a solution to these questions rather increased upon me, I made up my mind to defer further consideration of them till breakfast time, when I supposed the matter would receive some elucidation.

The breakfast now came, but with it no lady in black. The breakfast over, we went to church, came home to luncheon, and so on through the day, but still no lady, neither any reference to her. I then concluded that she must be some relative who had gone away early in the morning to visit another member of the family living close by. I was much puzzled, however, by no reference whatever being made to her, and finding no opportunity of leading any part of my con-

versation with the family towards the subject, I went to bed the second night more puzzled than ever. On the servant coming in in the morning I ventured to ask him the name of the lady who dined at the table on the Saturday evening, to which he answered:

"A lady, sir? No lady, only Mrs. Kirkbeck sir."

"Yes, the lady that sat opposite me, dressed in black?"

"Perhaps Miss Hardwick, the governess, sir?"

"No, not Miss Hardwick; she came down afterwards."

"No lady as I see, sir."

"Oh, dear me, yes; the lady dressed in black that was in the drawing room when I arrived, before Mr. Kirkbeck came home?"

The man looked at me with surprise as if he doubted my sanity, and only answered, "I never see any lady, sir," and then left.

The mystery now appeared more impenetrable than ever. I thought it over in every possible aspect, but could come to no conclusion upon it. Breakfast was early that morning to allow of my catching the morning train to London. The same cause slightly hurried us and allowed no time for conversation beyond that having direct reference to the business that brought me there; so, after arranging to return to paint the portraits on that day three weeks, I made my adieus and took my departure for town.

It is only necessary for me to refer to my second visit to the house in order to state that I was assured most positively, both by Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck, that no fourth person dined at the table on the Saturday evening in question. Their recollection was clear on the question, as they had debated whether they should ask Miss Hardwick, the governess, to take the vacant seat, but had decided not to do so; neither could they recall to mind any such person as I described in the whole circle of their acquaintance.

Some weeks passed. It was close upon Christmas. The light of a short winter day was drawing to a close, and I was seated at my table writing letters for the evening post. My back was toward the folding-doors leading into the room in which my visitors usually waited. I had been engaged some minutes in writing when without hearing or seeing anything, I became aware that a person had come through the folding-doors, and was then standing beside me. I turned and beheld the lady of the railway carriage. I suppose that my manner indicated that I was somewhat startled, as the lady, after the usual salutation, said, "Pardon me for disturbing you. You did not hear me come in."

Her manner, though it was more quiet and subdued than I had known it before, was hardly to be termed grave, still less sorrowful. There was a change, but it was that kind of change only which may often be observed from the frank impulsiveness of an intelligent young lady to the composure and self-possession of that same young lady when she is either betrothed or has recently become a matron. She asked me whether I had made any attempt at a likeness of her. I was obliged to confess that I had not. She regretted it much, as she wished one for her father. She had brought an engraving (a portrait of Lady M. A.) with her that she thought would assist me. It was like the one she had asked my opinion upon at the house in Lincolnshire. It had always been considered very like her, and she would leave it with me. Then (putting her hand impressively on my arm) she added: "She really would be most thankful and grateful to me if I would do it"—and if I recollect rightly, she added "as much depended on it." Seeing she was so much in earnest I took up my sketch-book, and, by the dim light that was still remaining, began to make a rapid pencil sketch of her. On observing my doing so, however, instead of giving me what assistance she was able she turned away, under the pretense of looking at the pictures around the room, occasionally passing from one to another so as to enable me to catch a momentary glimpse of her features. In this manner I made two hurried but rather expressive sketches of her, which, being all that the declining light would allow me to do, I shut my book and she prepared to leave. This time, instead of the usual "Good morning," she wished me an impressively pronounced "Good-by," firmly holding rather than shaking my hand while she said it. I accompanied her to the door, outside of which she seemed rather to fade into the darkness than to pass through it. But I referred this impression to my own fancy.

I immediately inquired of the servant why she had not announced the visitor to me. She stated that she was not aware there had been one, and that any who had entered must have done so when she had left the street door open about half an hour previously, while she went across the road for a moment.

Soon after this occurred I had to fulfill an engagement at a house near Botsworth Field, in Leicestershire. I left town on a Friday, having sent some pictures that were too large to take with me by the luggage train a week previously, in order that they might be at the house on my arrival, and occasion me no loss of time in waiting for them. On getting to the house, however, I found that they had not been heard of, and on inquiring at the station, it was stated that a case similar to the one I described had passed through and gone on to Leicester, where it probably still was. It being Friday, and past the time of the post, there was no possibility of getting a letter to Leicester before

Monday morning, as the luggage office would be closed on Sunday; consequently I could in no case expect the arrival of the pictures before the succeeding Tuesday or Wednesday. The loss of three days would be a serious one; therefore, to avoid it, I suggested to my host that I should leave immediately to transact some business in South Staffordshire, as I should be obliged to attend to it before my return to town, and if I could see about it in the vacant interval thus thrown upon my hands it would be saving me the same amount of time after my visit to his house was concluded. This arrangement meeting with his ready consent, I hastened to the Atherstone station on the Trent Valley Railway. By reference to Bradshaw I found that my route lay through Litchfield, where I was to change carriages to S——, in Staffordshire. I was just in time for the train that would put me down at Litchfield at 8 in the evening, and a train was announced to start from Litchfield for S—— at 8:10, answering as I concluded, to the train in which I was about to travel. I therefore saw no reason to doubt but that I should get to my journey's end the same night; but on my arriving at Litchfield I found my plans entirely frustrated. The train arrived punctually, and I got out, intending to wait on the platform for the arrival of the carriages for the other line. I found, however, though the two lines crossed at Litchfield, they did not communicate with each other, the Litchfield station on the Trent Valley line being on one side of the town and the Litchfield station on the South Staffordshire line on the other. I also found that there was not time to get to the other station so as to catch the train the same evening; indeed the train had just that moment passed on a lower level beneath my feet, and to get to the other side of the town, where it would stop for two minutes only, was out of the question. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to put up at the Swan Hotel for the night. I have an especial dislike to passing an evening at a hotel in a country town. Dinner at such places I never take, as I had rather go without than have such as I am likely to get. Books are never to be had; the country newspapers do not interest me. The *Times* I have spelt through on my journey. The society I am likely to meet have few ideas in common with myself. Under such circumstances I usually resort to a meat tea to while away the time, and when that is over occupy myself in writing.

This was the first time I had been in Litchfield, and while waiting for the tea it occurred to me, how, on two occasions within the past six months, I had been on the point of coming to that very place, at one time to execute a small commission for an old acquaintance, resident there, and another to get the materials for a picture I proposed painting of an incident in the early life of Dr. Johnson. I should have come on each of these occasions had not other arrangements diverted my purpose and caused me to postpone the journey indefinitely. The thought, however would occur to me: "How strange! Here I am at Litchfield, by no intention of my own, though I have twice tried to get here and been balked." When I had done tea I thought I might as well write to an acquaintance I had known some years previously and who lived in the Cathedral-close, asking him to come and pass an hour or two with me. Accordingly I rang for the waitress and asked:

"Does Mr. Lute live in Litchfield?"

"Yes, sir."

"Cathedral-close?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I send a note to him."

"Yes, sir."

I wrote the note saying where I was and asking if he would come for an hour or two and talk over old matters. The note was taken; in about twenty minutes a person of gentlemanly appearance, and what might be termed the advanced middle age, entered the room with my note in his hand, saying that I had sent him a letter, he presumed, by mistake, as he did not know my name. Seeing instantly that he was not the person I intended to write to, I apologized, and asked whether there was not another Mr. Lute living in Litchfield.

"No, there was none other."

"Certainly," I rejoined, "my friend must have given me his right address, for I had written to him on other occasions here. He was a fair young man; he succeeded to an estate in consequence of his uncle having been killed while hunting with the Quorn hounds, and he married about two years since a lady of the name of Fairbarn.,'

The stranger very composedly replied: "You are speaking of Mr. Clyne; he did live in the Cathedral-close, but he has now gone away."

The stranger was right, and in my surprise I exclaimed;

"Oh, dear! to be sure, that is the name; what could have made me address you instead? I really beg your pardon; my writing to you and unconsciously guessing your name is one of the most oxtraordinary and unaccountable things I ever did. Pray pardon me."

He continued very quietly:

"There is no need of apology; it happens that you are the very person I most wished to see. You are a painter aud I want you to paint a portrait of my daughter. Can you come to my house immediately for the purpose?"

I was rather surprised at finding myself known to him, and the turn matters had taken was so entirely unexpected I did not at the moment feel inclined to undertake the business; I therefore explained how I was

situated, stating that I had only the next day and Monday at my disposal. He, however, pressed me so earnestly that I arranged to do what I could for him in those two days; and having put up my baggage and arranged other matters I accompanied him to his house. During the walk home he scarcely spoke a word, but his taciturnity seemed only a continuance of his quiet composure at the inn. On our arrival, he introduced me to his daughter Maria and then left the room. Maria Lute was a fair and a decidedly handsome girl of about fifteen; her manner was, however, in advance of her years, and evinced that self-possession and, in the favorable sense of the term, that womanliness that is only seen at such an early age in girls that have been left motherless or from other causes thrown much on their own resources.

She had evidently not been informed of the purpose of my coming, and only knew that I was to stay there for the night; she therefore excused herself for a few moments, that she might give the requisite directions to the servants as to the preparing my room. When she returned, she told me that I should not see her father again that evening, the state of his health having obliged him to retire for the night; but she hoped I should be able to see him some time on the morrow. In the mean time, she hoped I would make myself quite at home, and call for anything I wanted. She herself was sitting in the drawing-room, but perhaps I should like to smoke and take something; if so, there was a fire in the housekeeper's room, and she would come and sit with me, as she expected the medical attendant every minute, and he would probably stay to smoke and take something. As the little lady seemed to recommend this course, I readily complied. I did not smoke or take anything, but sat down by the fire, when she immediately joined me. She conversed well and readily, and with a command of language singular in a person so young. Without being disagreeably inquisitive, or putting any question to me, she seemed desirous of learning the business that had brought me to the house. I told her that her father wished me to paint either her portrait, or that of a sister of hers. if she had one.

She remained silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to comprehend it at once. She told me that a sister of hers, an only one, to whom her father was devotedly attached, died near four months previously; that her father had never yet recovered from the shock of her death. He had often expressed the most earnest wish for a portrait of her; indeed, it was his one thought; and she hoped, if something of the kind could be done, it would improve his health. Here she hesitated, stammered and burst into tears. After awhile she continued: "It is no use hiding from you what you must very soon be aware of. Papa is insane—he has been so ever since dear Caroline was buried. He says he is always seeing dear Caroline, and he is subject to fearful delusions. The doctor says he cannot tell how much worse he may be, and that everything dangerous, like knives or razors, is to be kept out of his reach. It was necessary you should not see him again this evening, as he was unable to converse properly, and I fear the same may be the case to-morrow; but perhaps you can stay over Sunday, and I may be able to assist you in doing what he wishes. I asked whether they had any materials for making a likeness —a photograph, a sketch of anything else for me to go from. "No, they had nothing." "Could she describe her clearly?" She thought she could, and there was a print that was very much like her, but she had mislaid it. I mentioned that with such disadvantages and in such an absence of materials I did not anticipate a very satisfactory result. I had painted portraits under such circumstances, but their success much depended upon the powers of description of the persons who were to assist me by their recollection; in some instances I had attained a certain amount of success, but in most the result was quite a failure. The medical attendant came, but I did not see him. I learned, however, that he ordered a strict watch to be kept on his patient till he came again the next morning. Seeing the state of things, and how much the little lady had to attend to, I retired early to bed. The next morning I heard that her father was decidedly better; he had inquired earnestly, on waking, whether I was really in the house, and at breakfast time he sent down to say that he hoped nothing would prevent my making an attempt at the portrait immediately, and he expected to be able to see me in the course of the day.

Directly after breakfast I set to work, aided by such description as the sister could give me. I tried again and again, but without success, or, indeed, the least prospect of it. The features, I was told, were separately like, but the expression was not. I toiled on the greater part of the day, with no better result. The different studies I made were taken up to the invalid, but the same answer was always returned—no resemblance. I had exerted myself to the utmost, and, in fact, was not a little fatigued by so doing—a circumstance that the little lady evidently noticed, as she expressed herself most grateful for the interest she could see I took in the matter and referred the unsuccessful result entirely to her want of powers of description.

She also said it was so provoking! she had a print—a portrait of a lady, that was so like but it had gone—she had missed it from her book for three weeks past. It was the more disappointing, as she was sure it would have been of great assistance. I asked if she could tell me who the print was of, as, if I knew, I could easily procure one in London. She

answered Lady M. A. Immediately the name was uttered the whole scene of the lady of the railway carriage presented itself to me. I had my sketch-book in my portmanteau up stairs, and, by a fortunate chance, fixed in it was the print in question, with the two pencil sketches. I instantly brought them down and showed them to Maria Lute. She looked at them for a moment, turned her eyes full upon me, and said slowly and with something of fear in her manner, "Where did you get these?" Then quicker, and without waiting for my answer, "Let me take them instantly to papa." She was away ten minutes or more; when she returned her father came with her. He did not wait for salutations, but said, in a tone and manner I had not observed in him before, "I was right all the time; it was you that I saw with her, and these sketches are from her and from no one else. I value them more than all my possessions, except this dear child." The daughter also assured me that the print I had brought to the house must be the one taken from the book about three weeks before, in proof of which she pointed out to me the gum marks at the back, which exactly corresponded with those left on the blank leaf. From the moment the father saw these sketches his mental health returned.

I was not allowed to touch either of the pencil drawings in the sketch-book, as it was feared I might injure them, but an oil picture from them was commenced immediately, the father sitting by me hour after hour directing my touches, conversing rationally, and indeed cheerfully while he did so. He avoided direct reference to his delusions, but from time to time led the conversation to the manner in which I had originally obtained the sketches. The doctor came in the evening and, after extolling the particular treatment he had adopted, pronounced his patient decidedly, and he believed permanently improved.

The next day being Sunday, we all went to church; the father for the first time since his bereavement. During a walk which he took with me after luncheon he again approached the subject of the sketches, and after some seeming hesitation as to whether he should confide in me or not, he said; "Your writing to me by name from the inn at Litchfield was one of those inexplicable circumstances that I suppose it is impossible to clear up. I knew you, however, directly I saw you; when those about me considered my intellect was disordered, and that I spoke incoherently, it was only because I saw things that they did not. Since her death I know with a certainty, that nothing will ever disturb, that at different times I have been in the actual and visible presence of my daughter that is gone—oftener, indeed, just after her death than latterly. Of the many times that this has occurred, I distinctly remember once seeing her in a railway carriage speaking to a person sitting opposite; who that person was I could not ascertain, as my position seemed to be immediately behind him. I next saw her at a dinner-table, with others, unquestionably, I saw yourself. I afterwards learned that at that time I was considered to be in one of my longest and most violent paroxysms, as I continued to see her speaking to you, in the midst of a large assembly, for some hours. Again I saw her standing by your side, while you were engaged either in writing or drawing. I saw her once afterwards, but the next time I saw yourself was in the inn parlor."

The picture proceeded with the next day and on the day after the face was completed, and afterwards I brought it with me to London to finish.

I have often seen Mr. L. since that period; his health is perfectly re-established and his manner and conversation are as cheerful as can be expected within a few years of so great a bereavement.

The portrait now hangs in his bedroom, with the print and the two sketches by the side, and written beneath is: "C. L., 13th September, 1858, aged twenty-two."

A VALUABLE PREMIUM

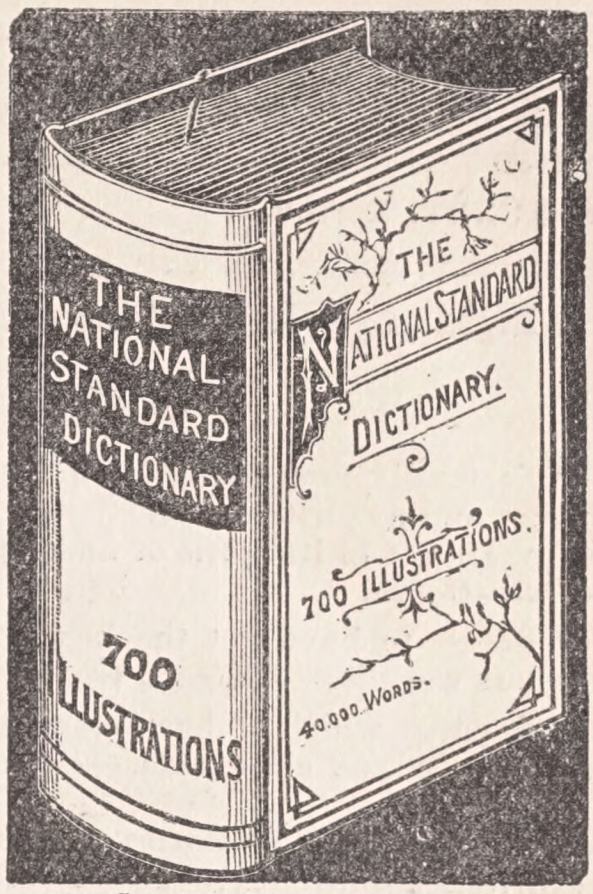
TO ALL

SUBSCRIBERS

TO THE

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

The Book You Need!



THE NATIONAL STANDARD DICTIONARY and ENCYCLOPEDIA OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, containing 576 pages, is now offered to the public, as the most comprehensive in information, as containing the largest number of words, handsomely illustrated, neatly printed from new plates, with plain type, on fine paper, and beautifully bound in English cloth, and ornamented with gold and black designs.

40,000 Words. This Dictionary contains about 40,000 words, CORRECTLY SPELLED, PROPERLY PRONOUNCED, and EXACTLY DEFINED, this number being all the needed words found in the English language.

700 Illustrations. This valuable reference book contains 700 pictorial illustrations, representing BIRDS, ANIMALS, FISHES, INSECTS, PLANTS, FLOWERS, SEEDS, IMPLEMENTS, correctly showing hundreds of objects found in MECHANICS, MATHEMATICS, GEOMETRY, ARCHITECTURE, MILITARY, NAVAL, BOTANY, and the ANIMAL, VEGETABLE and MINERAL kingdoms, interspersed through 576 pages, in connection with the word and definition, showing at a glance what a thing is and means far better than the best word definition.

Mark This!! This book is a READY REFERENCE LIBRARY for READERS, WORKERS, THINKERS and WRITERS, and of incalculable worth to every class. Besides being a complete Dictionary with 700 illustrations, there will be found CONCISE, IMPORTANT and CORRECT ARTICLES on the following subjects, viz.:—ABBREVIATIONS in common use. A full table of SYNONYMS. This table is of the greatest value to those who would write and speak smoothly and correctly. A BIOGRAPHICAL REGISTER, containing date of birth and death of the FAMOUS PERSONAGES OF HISTORY, ART, SCIENCE, LITERATURE, RELIGION and POLITICS, from the earliest known times to the present. This information alone is worth the price of the book. DIVISIONS OF TIME; WEIGHTS AND MEASURES; GOLD and SILVER COINS of Foreign Nations and their VALUE; LEGAL HOLIDAYS in the United States; PRINCIPAL COUNTRIES of the World with their AREA, POPULATION, NATIONAL DEBT and CAPITALS; INLAND SEAS of the World, AREA and DEPTH; LENGTH of the PRINCIPAL RIVERS of the World; AREA OF OCEANS; HISTORICAL CHART of the STATES of the UNION, CAPITALS, DATE and PLACES of SETTLEMENT, DATE of ADMISSION into the Union; AIR-LINE DISTANCES from Washington to various parts of the World; GRAND DIVISIONS of the WORLD, with AREA and POPULATION; MARKS and RULES of PUNCTUATION; RULES of SPELLING; USE of CAPITALS; POPULAR NAMES of AMERICAN STATES and CITIES; VALUABLE INFORMATION for BUSINESS MEN; BROKERS' TECHNICALITIES, etc., etc., besides a vast amount of other valuable matter.

You Need It! This Book is invaluable to every one who would UNDERSTAND what he is daily called upon to READ, SPEAK and WRITE. It is a BOOK to be CONSULTED EVERY DAY, very USEFUL and NECESSARY. You cannot afford to be without it. It is superior to all other low-priced Dictionaries. We guarantee it will please you. Money refunded to all not satisfied that they receive DOUBLE VALUE of money sent.

Cheapest and Best. We pronounce this to be the CHEAPEST GOOD DICTIONARY ever published, and far better than any heretofore advertised for the price. If you cannot afford to pay *twelve dollars* for a Webster, you certainly can afford *one dollar* for a book to take the place of it.

This Complete and Elegant Dictionary,

and Encyclopedia of Useful Knowledge,

Which retails at **$1.00** and is very cheap at that price, is now offered as a Premium by the Publisher upon the following extremely liberal terms and conditions:

1. Each Subscriber who sends in with the renewal of yearly subscription, one **NEW** yearly subscription with the regular subscription price, $2.50, will receive for the service a copy of the **National Standard Dictionary**, and the new Subscriber will also receive a copy of said Dictionary.
2. Each Subscriber who is already paid in advance six months, or if for a less time renews for one year, and in either case sends the name and money for a new yearly Subscriber, is entitled to a copy of the Dictionary, as is also the new Subscriber.
3. Any person not now a Subscriber, subscribing to the **JOURNAL** for one year in advance, will receive a copy of the Dictionary.

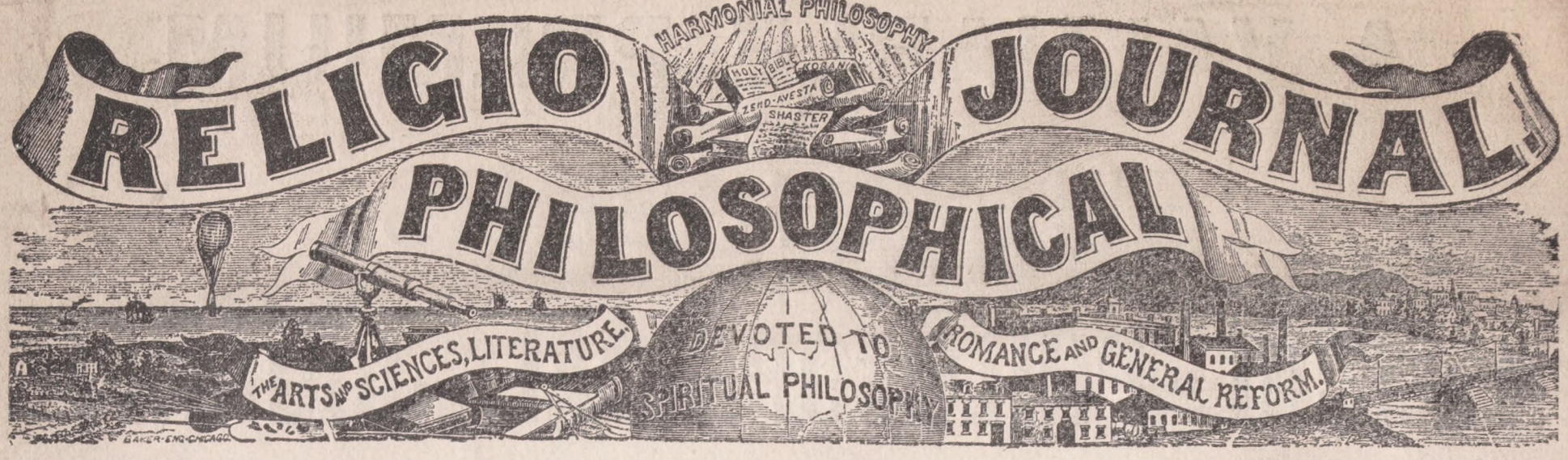
IN ORDER TO SECURE THIS PREMIUM, SUBSCRIPTIONS MUST BE SENT DIRECTLY TO THE PUBLISHER AND NOT THROUGH ANY NEWS AGENCY.

Remit by Postal or Express Money Order, Registered Letter, or Draft on New York or Chicago. Do not Send Checks on Local Banks.

Address

JNO. C. BUNDY,

Chicago, Ill.



Truth Wears no Mask, Bows at no Human Shrine, Seeks Neither Place nor Applause; She only Asks a Hearing.

JNO. C. BUNDY, EDITOR. } CHICAGO. { $2.50 IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

A Large Eight-page Weekly Paper devoted to the Exposition of Modern Spiritualism. Established, 1865.

PRESS COMMENTS.

* * * Seems disposed to discuss questions in excellent temper and a spirit of toleration. * * * Few care to investigate in its spirit of finding truth at any cost.—*Inter-Ocean.*

* * * Seems to have got the inside track among the religious weeklies.—*Chicago (Sunday) Times.*

* * * A paper which will command the respect of all, both friends and opponents.—*Pontiac (Ill.) Sentinel.*

It is considered good authority on all matters relating to Spiritual Philosophy.—*Lowell (Mass.) Morning Times.*

What a profound Student of Religious History says:

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago in its editorial management, is superior, and, in point of ability, beats other periodicals of its class. * * * The JOURNAL endeavors, in its peculiar sphere, to exhibit Spiritualism in its better aspects, in forms by which a scientific person can grasp and comprehend it; and the subjects are presented with a force, clearness and carefulness which will commend them to thoughtful consideration.—*From the Medical Tribune, May, 1879, edited by Alex. Wilder, M. D., New York.*

We wish this beacon light of the cause in the West a prosperous future, and feel sure that its conductors will ever (as in the past) be found working for human good and the advancement of liberal thought and spiritual unfoldment among the people.—*Banner of Light, Boston.*

Vigorous, sturdy and outspoken, * * * has ably advocated Spiritualism proper.—*Medium and Daybreak, London, England.*

* * * As an honest paper we commend it to those who wish to investigate what is known as Spiritualism.—*The National Citizen, Syracuse, N. Y.*

* * * The honesty and candor with which it is conducted are commendable. * * * All persons who wish to keep posted in Spiritual Philosophy cannot do better than subscribe for this paper.—*Journal, Kirksville, Mo.*

Concurrent Commendations from widely opposite Sources.

I read your paper every week with great interest.—*H. W. Thomas, D. D., Methodist.*

I congratulate you on the management of the paper. * * * I indorse your position as to the investigation of the phenomena.—*Samuel Watson, D.D., Spiritualist.*

You are conducting the JOURNAL in the true spirit of honest research.—*B. F. Underwood, Materialist.*

GOOD FOR YOU! Never man in your ranks did half so well, that I know of. Brave it is and right.—*Rev. Robert Collyer, Unitarian.*

The OPPONENTS of SPIRITUALISM, who desire to be familiar with its progress and development, will find the JOURNAL a fair, candid and trustworthy channel of information. We respectfully commend the paper to all classes.

All Spiritualists, and those who are investigating the subject of Spiritualism, will find this paper invaluable as an assistant in their researches.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year	$ 2 50
" " six months	1 25
Clubs of five, yearly subscribers, sent in at one time	10 00
" " ten, " " " " " " and an extra copy to the getter up of the club	20 00

SPECIMEN COPY FREE.

REMITTANCES should be made by Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on New York, payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Illinois. DO NOT IN ANY CASE SEND CHECKS ON LOCAL BANKS.

JOHN C. BUNDY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

00022100749